

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

The sanity of the insanity experts is yet to be proved.

It is curious how quiet people can be without the least effort.

Why should Chicago policemen fear a small-pox sufferer? They can't catch anything.

Vain woman fails utterly to understand why she cannot catch a 5 o'clock street car at 6:30.

If you would have your sweetheart remember you forever send her a present that costs only a nickel.

Sonnet, the bicycle champion, was born in Chicago. It is not strange that he can endure almost any strain.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

How about that new battleship yours, Mr. Bull, so constructively weak that it became dangerously leaky and strained in a gale in the Bay of Biscay?

The Missouri and Mississippi are getting bridged in half a dozen places. And New York has not yet succeeded in bridging the North River, to accommodate the traffic of a continent.

One of the things that make a man feel his growing age is a college gloom club concert. He sees the beardless faces on the stage, notes the year of their graduation and then wonders why seniors are so much younger than they used to be. "Alas, Time stays, we go."

Nor a great many years ago it was believed that the English language contained not to exceed 80,000 words; but Worcester found for his dictionary 105,000, Webster 125,000, the Century (in six volumes) 225,000, and the Standard (in two volumes) 300,000.

Mrs. ALEXANDER, the English novelist, has been lame for two years from a curious cause. She suffered serious hurt to the knee, owing to her cramped position in the dress circle of a London theater one evening, and she is now unable to walk without a stick.

If Anthony Comstock has nothing particular on his mind, it would not be amiss for him to turn his attention to some of the calendar artists. They have omitted a good deal of clothing from their figure work this year. Perhaps they have felt it was necessary to economize.

CHOLUTUCA has been captured. This will be news to a great many who were ignorant of the fact that anybody wanted Cholutuca. The capture was made by General Policarpo Bonilla. Vasquez was held at bay near Guecaran by General Herradura. A march on Tegucigalpa will be made soon, and if this too, is captured, Policarpo Bonilla will declare the Nicaraguan revolution off and proof-readers on American newspapers will exult.

A few years ago the American Humane Association offered a prize of \$5,000 for a desirable stock car by which cattle in transportation could be watered and fed at proper intervals, and while no device which was presented seemed to warrant the award of the sum named, the result was that improved cars were manufactured after the models offered and the terrible cruelties to which those "appointed to destruction" were subjected have, been to a certain degree obviated.

ONE of the most remarkable contests of endurance ever witnessed in the world was brought to a close at Madison Square Garden, New York, the other night. To sit astride a bicycle almost continuously for six days and nights and to break all distance records ever made is a feat for which Albert Schock will be greatly applauded. But looked at from a rational point of view, what real good can such a struggle do? It is a combat against nature that is only one grade better than a prize fight or one of the old walking matches.

ON Nov. 20, 1775, the Congress resolved, "That a committee of five be appointed for the sole purpose of corresponding with our friends in Great Britain, Ireland and other parts of the world, and that they lay their correspondence before Congress when directed, and that all expenses that might arise by carrying on such correspondence, and for the payment of such agents as the committee might send on this service, should be defrayed by the Congress." This was the germ of our State Department, and the initial step in our foreign diplomacy. The members chosen were Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Franklin, Thomas Johnson, John Dickinson and John Jay. A correspondence was immediately opened with Mr. Arthur Lee in London and Mr. C. W. Dumas (a Swiss gentleman, residing in Holland).

LEOPOLD II, King of Belgium, is now 69 years of age and has been on the throne since 1865. He has been reluctantly compelled to consent to the reduction of the franchise and to

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGAN GANDERS.

Show Prof. Kedzie's Report to Your Grace—Farmer Rogers Robbed and Murdered—Editorial Snafus—Marquette Farmer's Severe Loss.

A Fraud on Consumers.
The people of the State of Michigan do not know what they are eating, but State Analyst R. C. Kedzie, and State Food Commissioner Storrs are rapidly finding out. In a good many cases it is found that people have been feeding their stomachs and palates for years, without even knowing it, themselves.

There is enormous waste of farmland in England through the hedge system. There are 600,000 acres occupied by hedge rows, and since farming has paid poorly the labor of keeping these hedges trimmed has been greatly neglected. A hedge with the ground it fills, and that spoiled by its roots, uses up a rod in width. Hedges with ditches beside them take up more land than this. But it costs too much to root out the hedges and level the meadows so that the reclamation of hedge land goes on slowly. There is still greater waste of land in some sections of England and Scotland by withdrawing it from cultivation to be used for game preserves. Thousands of acres that used to support a considerable agricultural population now supply only what food the hunter can get by killing deer and other game.

DICE ALFRED of Saxe-Coburg-Eisenburg is having a troublesome time. His attempt to hold on to his English allowance of \$75,000 per annum while serving as a German prince at a good salary offends the sturdy Welsh and English radicals, who cry out against the grab-all policy of the Queen's second son as scandalous. Popular sentiment is with the radicals. Prince Alfred never was liked in England. He is close-listed and penurious and has affected German ways. He is married to a Russian princess and his daughter is married to Slav. He has no English sympathies. Mr. Gladstone, who is cordially disliked by the Queen, has attempted to justify the Saxe-Coburg-Eisenburg grab this far, but he seems to be tiring of the job. It is a thankless one for him, as he only offends his friends and hardly conciliates royalty which cordially dislikes him.

This death of Sir Samuel White Baker removes almost the last of the great African explorers and one of the greatest of them. He was the comrade of Speke and Grant, and the predecessor of Gordon in the Egyptian Sudan. He will be remembered as the explorer of the Blue and White Niles, the discoverer of Albert Lake, and the leader of a vigorous movement for the suppression of the slave trade. Gordon and Emin continued his civilizing work while Stanley and others have well-nigh completed the task of exploration and have revealed to the world what he vainly sought—the long-hidden sources of the Nile. When Baker began his work in Africa that continent was largely unexplored and unknown, and civilized powers had only a little foothold here and there upon its borders. Now, at his death, scarcely a mile remains untraversed by explorers, and only a few small districts here and there are left unclaimed by the land-grabbing powers of Europe. And to this great end few have contributed so much as he.

It is strange what airs some of the pettiest officers of the law put on, and especially if they are judges. The action of Judge Barbour of the police court of Hartford, Ct., is a good illustration of this. He insists that the court is in session so long as he is in the room, and that all hats must be kept off until he takes his leave. A day laborer went into the court room to see how judicial matters were arranged. When the morning's business was concluded and all started for the door, he chanced to put his hat on just before he passed outside the room. Instantly Judge Barbour ordered the man before him, and on giving his name, sentenced him to five days imprisonment for "contempt of court." Michael Murphy, the victim of the judge's fit of cholera, was a hard-working man who is well spoken of by all who knew him. The popular feeling against the judicial outrage against him, the best volunteer counsel, and he was promptly released on habeas corpus. The popular contempt which the judge gained by thus protecting his dignity is far more injurious to him than that which he tried to repress.

He Wanted to Find Out.
A little boy whose experience with elevators had been a very limited one was brought up to the city a few days ago by his mamma, and in the course of two or three hours shopping the little fellow was taken up and down in different stores a good many times. Finally the two went to an office building, took chairs in a rather small room, and waited.
"Where are we now, mamma?" asked the boy.
"Up Uncle Bob's office."

He glanced around the rather contracted quarters, and then asked:
"When does it go up?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

By a sad coincidence, not wholly devoid of humor, Sidney Drew, manager, is sued by his mother for back salary while both are playing "On the Road to Ruin." As the most accomplished Mrs. Malaprop would say amid rouge and powder, patches and feathers, courtesying and smiling, her attachment to Sidney extends even to the box office receipts and she guarantees to be a good mother to him.

CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

PRESENT STYLES WILL PREVAIL NEXT WINTER.

Some of the Popular Designs that Are Shown—Capes with Long Side Laps Are Much in Favor—High Collars Are Worn.

Fashion's Fables.
New York correspondence.

ABOUT the same styles in cloaks and wraps as those now worn will prevail next winter, so the woman with a few dollars to invest is made frantic by the number of bargains offered. The display in cloaks is simply appalling, but, of course, you take risks from moths and storing over summer. A popular design is that with very full skirts, sleeves very large and drooping at the shoulders and narrowing at the wrists. The capes so popular for shoulder finish of cloaks are less worn, or take the form of epaulettes, and are only over the shoulder and do not cross either front or back. Capes are worn, and are likely to be greatly favored. They are very full and mostly set on yokes. When the capes are in series, they fall from the shoulders instead of from the throat. Capes with long, stole ends like that in the first initial picture are much in favor. Made of broad velvet shot with green and a dull yellow, its fronts are trimmed with wide bands of velvet ribbon, which are ornamented with three rows of narrow jet passementerie and are held down at regular intervals with bunches of jet leaves. The cape is lined with pale-green silk and is finished with an epaulette collar. The inner sides of the tails are as well as the standing collar are trimmed with dark fur, preferably sable.

For theater wear are shown some cloaks that recall rather too forcibly those worn by the gentlemen in Venice in the time of Shylock, or of the sort displayed by Paolo, the handsome brother of the hunchback made famous on the stage. These little capes hang half off the shoulders and are finished with turn-over collars. They drop full and are made of the richest plush or brocade, being lined with contrasting satin or silk. Truth to tell, such little garments are rather an accessory to the dress than a covering, and they are sufficiently dainty and costly enough to have a more established position in the economy, or, to put it in another way, in the extravagance of women's fashions. If you are ever enough to make one of these at home, you may use upholstery or curtain goods of the finer kinds and expend about half what dress goods would require. Some kinds of upholstery velvet are all cotton at the back, but for all that present a most beautiful rich surface, and come in rich and exclusive designs and colorings. To be sure there is not much wear of the kind dress goods get in it, but for sleeves or a cape it is most suitable, being of splendid width and very cheap compared with the dress material it replaces.

The Empire styles have for some time been relegated to house wear, and of late the tendency has been toward discarding them even for indoor wear. But now a new twist out of coat is offered, where the loose front and back are sewn to a yoke, the seam being hidden by a wide strip of braid, which recalls the Empire belt. The sleeves are very full, as shown in the accompanying sketch of this garment, and the collar is composed of a double ruffling made of braid. Two whole lined with satin and thinly vandyed, and is well suited for middle-aged wearers.

Very high collars are generally worn and add to the length of the neck. The coat here for the average woman who is in danger of being swamped in the detail of stylish covering. Sealskin and velvet are combined in a unique design. The former fits like the little jackets worn by pages in fashionable modistes' establishments; that is, its closely fastens right up the middle of the front, is cut very short on the hips, and curves to a little Eton point front and back. To this sort of a bodice very full, satined skirts of velvet are added. A slight modification of this fashion

makes the bodice part double-breasted and employs very handsome bronze buttons.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholastic Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Hints and Words of the Scriptures—Time Well spent.

Calm and Able.
The lesson for Sunday, Jan. 21, may be found in Gen. 4:2-3.

"The Jews named the book of Genesis from the introductory word 'Breshith,' in the beginning." In this book of beginnings we come with this fourth chapter to two first things: the beginning of the human race, and the beginning of death. The account is brief, but deeply pathetic and impressive. It is one of the incidents of the Gen. is narrative referred to by our Savior, when he speaks of "the blood of righteous Abel." (Matt. 23: 35.) Hebrews' estimate of Cain: "Who was of that wicked one." And God knew. Right over against each other stand two others—one of the world, the other of God. On one or the other all men are sacrificing for all men are instinctively religious. One is complete, self-satisfied, thankful, offering benediction, without reference to ill-desert. These are not at peace, neither in deed can they be. Worldly sacrifice is itself continually rebuked by the altar that speaks of guilt and of blood. The voice of the heart's right will be delivered. Indeed that outland in Cain's hand was not almost so much as Abel's altar; yea, fearful thought, at Abel's God.

And so the blood of righteous Abel still cries out from the earth. It is a cry of grief against unfaith, for by faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain. It is a cry of meekness against murder and of obedience against disobedience. "And wherefore," says John (1 John 3: 12) "stew he him? Because his own works were unclean." This same idea is carried out for ball games with velvet and tulle, the tulle billowing out under the velvet in charming contrast. In the street dress pictured, dark-green velvet is used for the zig-zag stripe about the skirt, for the yoke, belt and cuffs, and a band of edges to show the tulle. In each instance, except the yoke, there comes just above the velvet a zig-zag pattern of chenille. The dress goods are a grayish-green woolen stuff.

The final pictured model is an example of the draped overskirt, of unobtrusive, pleasing, which promises to be fashionable by spring. Elaborate dressers, among actresses display or stances which include the overskirt, and already an occasional one is seen upon the street. The material of the costume shown is silver-gray silk, trimmed with dark gray velvet. The foundation skirt of tulle silk is covered with velvet at the parts exposed by the opening of the front. The edges of the panel front are finished with gray silk passementerie, which is seen in three rows at the bottom of the skirt. The overskirt is cut longer than the skirt, and is caught up as indicated. It parts behind to show a velvet strip, similar to those in front. The bodice has a velvet jacket finished at the top with a serpentine ruffle, and the narrow circular basque in

HEBREW (12: 24) tells of the speaking blood of Abel. Does it speak to you today? If so, what does it say? The blood of righteous Abel cries out from the ground, and it is a voice as loud as a trumpet. O that men might hear it one of these Lord's days, the trumpet voice of God speaking, it may be, through man. Voices we have, measurably strong, but O for a great voice to make men "stop and think."

Cain prevailed. Cain failed. His overthrow of his brother was his own worst discomfiture. Satan's victories are his own defeat. In Luke 22: 33 it says the voices of the chief priests are provoked, and the voices of the cross by prevailing, they were vanquished. Where sin abounded grace did much more abound.

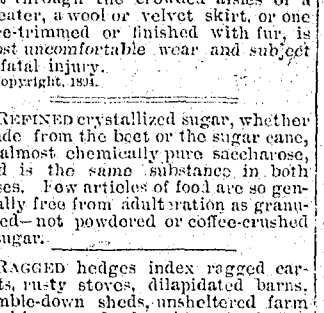
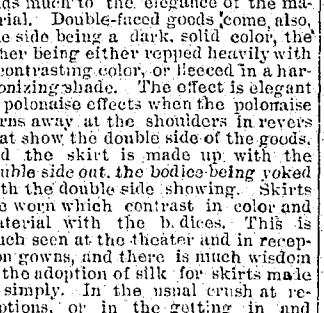
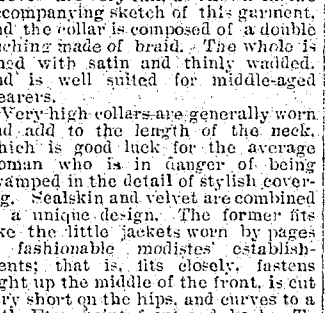
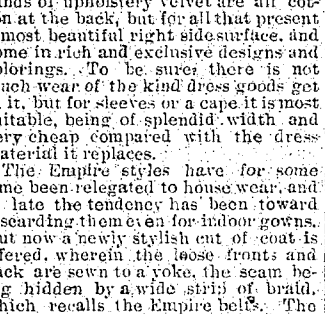
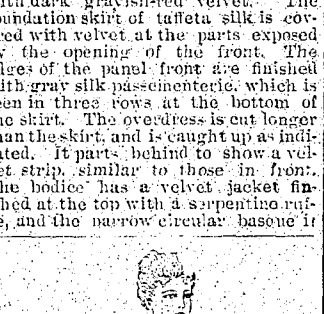
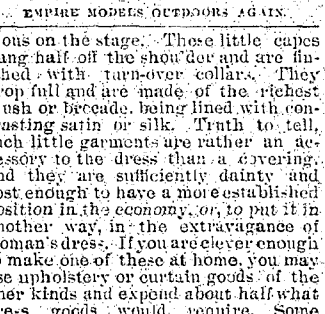
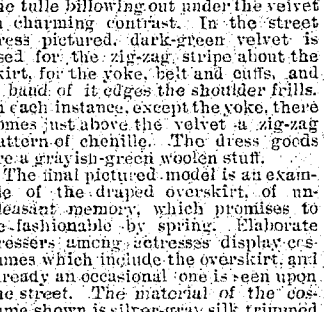
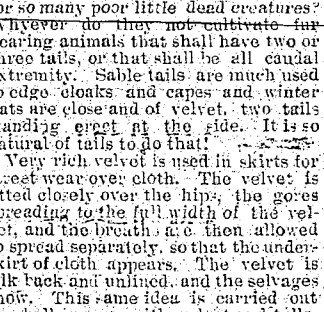
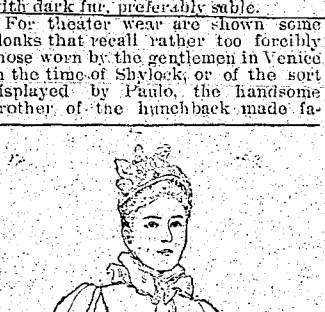
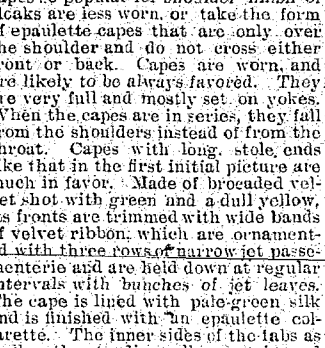
We need more of the Abel spirit; more indeed of the Spirit of Christ, who, as Peter says (1 Peter 3: 18) "did sin neither had he guile found in his mouth, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." Said Alexander to his faltering generals, "I am at the head of the host, confronting them. How many do you count me for?"

It is a lesson the man of God may as well learn at the outset. His life is not his own, and in a wretched world it may be forfeited, and it may be that his blood alone will be the cool of the church. In fact the blood, the life of the true spiritual church, is always being offered up upon the altar, and so the truth makes progress.

There are two divine spirits in this world. The one is the spirit of the ungodly, which means decent self-righteousness (that Unitarian preacher at the North who says he hasn't many "miserable sinners" in his congregation, is just now appealing for a prayer-book acceptable to ordinary self-respecting men, and the humble-mindedness that finds sole acceptance to the blood of Christ. Brother, if, led by God's Spirit, you choose the latter, you may as well expect to stand alone.

And not yet alone. If God be for us, who can be against us? "My buckler," says David, "is of God" (Margin Ps. 7: 10). God himself is our reward. And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanse us from all sin. The miner's face may be smutty, but his eye, washed by the tear-fountain, always glitters clear and clean. There is a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Trust the blood.

Next Lesson—"God's Covenant with Noah." Gen. 9: 1-17.



NO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be sent to the editor, by mail, and not by messenger. The editor is not responsible for the return of letters. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

NOBODY has hit the bull's-eye yet in the Brazilian shooting match.

HAS any one heard yet of the impending danger of a failure of the ice crop?

ANY man who deliberately takes human life is sane enough to pay the penalty.

A MINER may be ever so well off, but he can't help getting in a hole occasionally.

AMIDST all of these fierce attacks upon Lilliputian we must remember that she is an orphan.

THE umbrella originally was taken from the Egyptian. At present it's taken indiscriminately.

SPAIN has transported 100 anarchists. They will doubtless bring up in the United States sooner or later.

SEVERAL of New York's millionaires are thinking of moving West. This ought to give the old town a boom.

"You were always a fault-finder," growled the wife. "Yes, dear," responded the husband, meekly, "I found you."

"The tax on cigarettes," says the Chicago Record, "will be in effect a tax on duds." Then let the tax on cigarettes be put on without fail.

NATURAL GAS doesn't seem to be a success in Buffalo, judging from that \$150,000 explosion. The fire which followed placed the whole city in danger.

WHAT is needed in modern etiquette is some polite form for introducing train robbers to police detectives without unduly shocking the detectives.

ANYONE who has ever seen a French funny paper will understand why the merry Parisians put make-believe bombs about a city still red with innocent blood and regarded it as jest-worthy.

A THOUGHT not unusual in these corporation days was behind the exclamation of the builder of the Louisville bridge as he saw his victims dashed to death—"I will be eternally damned for it!"

THERE would be fewer bridge disasters like that at Louisville if it was clearly understood that the inquest upon the body of the guilty contractor would have to precede the investigation into the causes of the wreck.

EVERY man wants more credit than he deserves. But it is a foolish notion. If you have the reputation of being able to jump thirty feet, and are not able to do it, the time will come when you will be called upon to try, and fail.

THAT grand old dame in Jersey who lived to be one hundred and five, and then was killed in an accident, recalls the rhyme about the English peeress who "lived to one hundred and ten, and died from a fall of a cherry tree then."

MR. GLADSTONE, who has permitted imperial troops to fustigate Cecil Rhodes' South African Company on that part of the world, must realize, in hearing Rhodes' threat of secession and independence, what Lear meant by a serpent's tooth and a thankless child.

GOV. WAITE'S call for an extra session of the Legislature is dated Dec. 25, 1893. As Christmas day is a legal holiday in that and all other States of the Union, the question is being asked, Is the call legal and binding? The courts will probably be asked to decide the matter.

BARON CREWE, whose death is announced, was one of the few unofficial liberal peers who remained loyal to Mr. Gladstone. He paired in favor of the home rule bill. He was uncle of Lord Houghton, the present Viceroy of Ireland, who comes into an immense fortune through his death.

PROF. TYNDALL'S father was a shoemaker in an Irish village, and lived in rooms in the rear of his small shop. But he had more than a share of learning, and was witty and sarcastic in argument. His son was sent to the local grammar school, and one of his old chums there says that young Tyndall was an effeminate boy, who gave little promise of living to be seventy-three years of age.

CIGARETTE-SMOKERS are absorbed by all civilized people, and are constantly being told of the vicious results of the habit. As a contribution to the argument which may be brought against the vice comes the interesting information that it has been discovered that all the cotton-wool and lint used in one of the Paris hospitals has for years been sold by the servants to the makers of cigarette papers.

THERE is an old rhyme or song, "The farmer feeds them all," and according to the report of the Secretary of Agriculture this is true, and

may be added to say that he clothes them all, since agriculture, directly and indirectly, furnishes hundreds of thousands a livelihood. Farmers have reason to be proud of their calling, the oldest and most independent work in the world; the original "first families" were farmers.

IN 1754 the first public library established in the English-American colonies was founded in New York, with the avowed object of promoting a spirit of inquiry among the people by a loan of books to non-subscribers. Nearly 6000 were raised, and a foundation was laid for an institution which still exists and is an ornament and a blessing to the city of New York. The trustees received a charter afterwards from Gov. Tryon. This institution was named the New York Society Library. In 1876 it contained 64,000 volumes.

EVIDENTLY the average citizen of the Sagebrush State is not heartily on rapport with the custom of bargain and sale marriages of rich American girls with foreigners of a certain type, if we may believe the Bulletin, which says: "John Mackay paid \$5,000,000 of gambling debts for his Italian son-in-law, Prince Colonna. That money came out of Nevada, and if it were invested in irrigation work in the State hard times would vanish. But not it goes to a profligate macaroni chewer, so that he may wallow in luxury."

THE educational world has lost a valued worker and a most accomplished woman and teacher by the death of the venerable Elizabeth P. Peabody of Massachusetts. She was a prolific contributor to educational literature and a warm and enthusiastic friend of the schools; but her principal achievement, and the one which longest will preserve her memory, was her introduction into the United States of the Froebel kindergarten system. In this direction, as in many others, she was a leader in educational reforms, and her death has deprived the schools of the United States of a staunch friend and wise counselor.

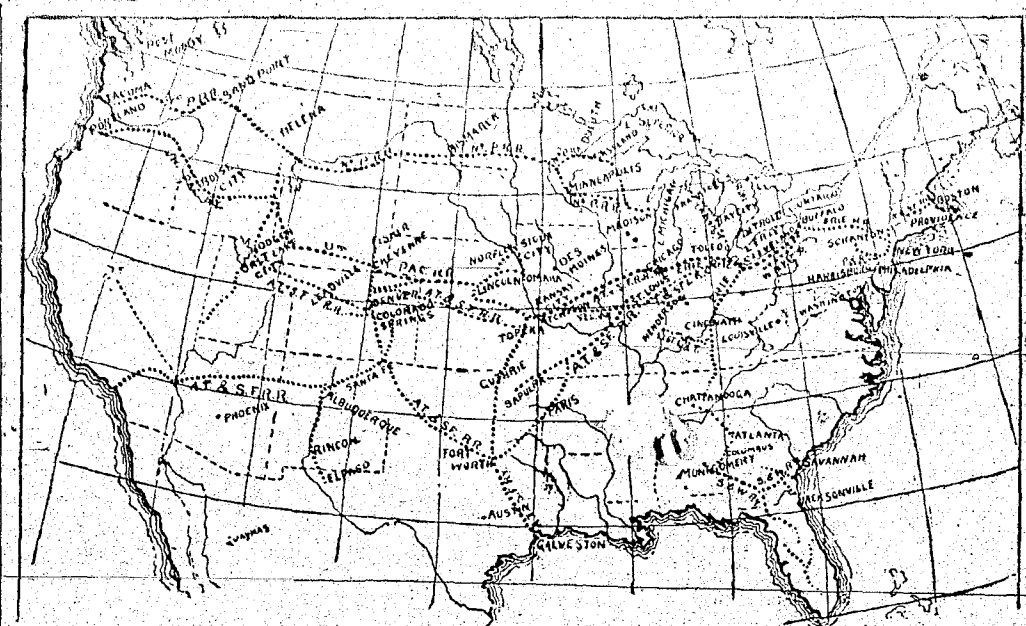
THERE is no way for the farmer to manage screenings now so good as to burn them. With the improvements that are made in farming mills all the grain cracked or otherwise is got out of the screenings, and the weed seeds usually contain acid properties that make them as likely to do harm as good. The notion that the gizzard of fowls will destroy the vitality of weed seeds has been the occasion of disseminating many bad weeds. It is a delusion that cannot too soon be got rid of. Some weed seeds will grow better for passing through the gizzard, and there are others which the fowl will not eat at all, which go directly into the manure when fed in the poultry house.

"THEY don't fall in love as frankly, as honestly, as irretrievably as they used to do. They shilly-shally, they pick and choose, they discuss, they criticize." That is Mr. Grant Allen's opinion of the young men of the present day. Well, a certain amount of hesitation is pardonable before entering upon a state out of which there are only two ways, and both unpleasant. But the trouble is not so much that they pick and choose as that they do not choose at all. They are indifferent; they do not marry. Mr. Grant Allen says that it is due to the "cumulative effect of nervous over-excitement." It is an age in which there is no leisure. But the present age has always been wrong, and always will be wrong.

FROM an esteemed Minnesota contemporary we learn that the Common Council of the beautiful city of Mankato, in that State, has enacted an ordinance providing that "all persons who shall sing or whistle 'After the Ball' in that city between the hours of 6 a. m. and 10 p. m. shall be fined half a dollar for each offense." The enactment, while vigorous, does not seem to be altogether well directed. The boys in this locality, and presumably in Minnesota, do not get onto their great singing and whistling act until after 10 o'clock, and therefore the ordinance does not protect the slumbers of staid citizens. Again, the penalty is ridiculously inadequate. It should be murder in the second degree, or at least manslaughter, and the offense should include "boom-ter-a-ra" and "The Old Oaken Bucket," and "Farewell," and various other public nuisances. The only thing that should go free is "Irene, Good-night," for that means that it is time to go home.

THE Twelve Good Rules.
In his poem entitled "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith describes the old inn on whose parlor-walls there hung, besides other things, "the twelve good rules." It seems that these rules were drawn up by King Charles I., and as they are never displayed nowadays it may be interesting to state what they were. Here is the list: 1. Urge [drink] no health. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

WHAT is regarded as competent authority places the cotton crop this year at 8,000,000 bales, or more than a million bales above the estimates of the Department of Agriculture. It shall prove that the later estimate is correct the price must remain at a low figure despite the unlawful and incendiary efforts of White Caps to put up the price by threats to burn the property of those who offer to sell below ten cents per pound.



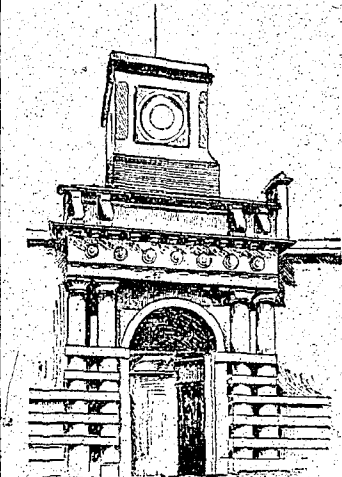
MAP SHOWING MORE IMPORTANT RAILROADS WHICH WENT INTO RECEIVERS' HANDS DURING THE YEAR 1893.

VICTORIA'S STABLES.

Even Dukes Consider It an Honor to Rule Over Them.

In the garden of Buckingham Palace, London, one of the seats of Queen Victoria, are the royal stables, better known, perhaps, as "The Royal Mews." The head functionary of the Royal Mews is the master of the horse, always a man of wealth and rank as well as of great political influence. (The salary is \$10,000 a year, with the right to stable a certain number of horses in the Royal Mews. The office goes with the government and in 1889 was filled by no less a personage than the Duke of Portland.)

The main entrance to the stable is through a handsome gateway that opens on Buckingham Palace road. A sentry from the Buckingham Palace Guard always stands outside. The courtyard of the stables is about 400 feet square, and here are quartered 110 magnificent horses, in connection with the care of which is required a small army of men. The floors of the stables are all sanded in patterns. In one part of the courtyard are the royal carriages, eight in number. The most magnificent of these, indeed the most magnificent in the world, is the "glass coach," built in 1761 at the cost of \$45,000. The paintings on the panels are beautiful and so valuable that \$25,000 was offered for one panel. The last time the Queen used this carriage was about twenty years ago, when she opened Parliament in state.



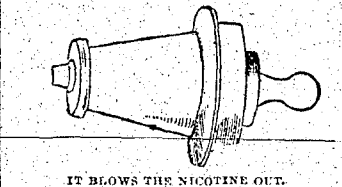
ENTRANCE TO THE QUEEN'S STABLES.

connection with the care of which is required a small army of men. The floors of the stables are all sanded in patterns. In one part of the courtyard are the royal carriages, eight in number. The most magnificent of these, indeed the most magnificent in the world, is the "glass coach," built in 1761 at the cost of \$45,000. The paintings on the panels are beautiful and so valuable that \$25,000 was offered for one panel. The last time the Queen used this carriage was about twenty years ago, when she opened Parliament in state.

NEW WAY TO CLEAN PIPES.

A Little Explosion Scientifically Planned Explodes All the Nicotine.

An English novelty in the way of a pipe-cleaner has just been sent to this country. A picture of it is shown here. Briefly, the patent consists of a hollow chamber and cover, the bottom being provided with a rubber washer that insures a good fit.



IT BLOWS THE NICOTINE OUT.

into the bowl of any sized pipe. The cleaner is charged with the heads of two or three fuses and another is fixed in the cover by its stem fitting into a tube made for the purpose. This one being ignited and the cover being replaced on the body of the cleaner—previously adjusted to the bowl of the pipe—and held down by means of a non-conducting knob, an explosion takes place as the several fuses ignite, which serves to drive out every atom of nicotine deposit through the stem, leaving the pipe absolutely clean and dry. The operation is perfectly clean and simple and has none of the dangers attendant upon the usual method of prodding and stringing.

More Truth Than Poetry.

There is a whole lot more truth than we wish there was in the following extract from Arthur McEwen's syndicate letter to the Los Angeles Express:

"Judges are lawyers, and are prone in practice to regard the courts as being inventions for the use and benefit of their profession. It is judges who are principally to blame for the accumulation of unwholesome cases in the jail. When a lawyer takes the case of a murderer he sets about delaying the time of trial, knowing that the greater the space between the crime and the facing of a jury the better the prospect of acquittal. Delay is got by asking for continuances, which the judges grant. The alleged convenience of an attorney is considered paramount to the interest of justice. At best the law is sufficiently cumbersome and productive of delay, but the judges could expedite trials greatly if they were not disposed to accommodate the bar to a scandalous extent. As for the Bar Association,

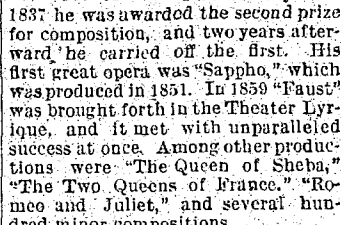
its function is to help keep up the fiction that lawyers as a body are public-spirited citizens. Its own members are about the only persons who profit financially by the security enjoyed by the residents of Murderer's Row."

STORY OF A COMPOSER.

"Faust" the Great Work of the Late Charles Francois Gounod.

Charles Francois Gounod, who died of paralysis at Paris, was one of the greatest composers of the century. He was born June 17, 1818, and showing in early life a fondness for music he entered the Conservatoire at Paris, where he studied the piano with Zimmerman and harmony and counterpoint with Reicha. He died in 1893.

In 1837 he was awarded the second prize for composition, and two years afterward he carried off the first. His first great opera was "Sappho," which was produced in 1851. In 1859 "Faust" was brought forth in the Theatre Lyrique, and it met with unparalleled success at once. Among other productions were "The Queen of Sheba," "The Two Queens of France," "Roméo and Juliet," and several hundred minor compositions.



CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD.

Machines that Almost Think.
An automatic winder of cotton thread has been contrived, a mechanism which takes thread from eight large spools loosely wound and transfers it to eight small spools containing 200 yards; these small spools having received 200 yards exactly, stop revolving, a knife cuts a slot in the spool, the end of the thread is fastened in this; the machine then cuts the thread, off drops the spool into a trap, takes eight empty spools from as many hoppers, places them on the spindles and fills these as it did the previous set. The machine goes through the entire process in just forty-five seconds, making all changes automatically and with the greatest precision. In another machine the small spools are placed on an inclined track, and in rolling through the machine receives on each and a ticket cut from a long strip of roll of previously printed tickets placed on a stack above the machine. After the ticket is cut, paste is applied to the back and it is then pressed upon the spool, which has rolled into proper position to receive it—this at the rate of ninety spools per minute.—Sun.

What Could Have Ailed Her?

The human body is a very delicate and highly complex organization, and it is not surprising that it sometimes breaks down for no easily ascertainable reason. A farmer met the village doctor, according to an exchange, and said:

"If you happen to be out our way any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She don't seem to be feeling very well."
"What ails her? What are some of her symptoms?"
"I dunno. This morning, after she'd milked the cows and fed the pigs and got breakfast for the men and washed the dishes and built a fire under the boiler in the wash-house and done a few little odd jobs round the house, she complained of feeling tired-like. I shouldn't wonder if her blood was poor, and I guess she needs a dose of medicine."

He Was Excused.

A bride tells of a difficult moment of her recent wedding trip. A few days of it were spent with an uncle of hers, very deaf and very pious. When they sat down to dinner on the night of their arrival, the uncle asked the groom to say grace. Much embarrassed, as he was unaccustomed to officiating in this way, he leaned forward, murmuring a request to be excused. Whereupon the uncle, watching him, only waited until his lips stopped moving to utter a sonorous "Amen!" in response. It is hardly necessary to say that the blessing for that meal went unsaid.

REPORTS OF outrages committed by

gangs in the rural districts show that these vagabonds are becoming desperate and dangerous. They take by force what is denied them, and, not satisfied with receiving food and shelter, they have begun ransacking houses for money and putting inmates to the torture in order to compel them to deliver up valuables. The farmers should protect themselves against these modern free companies by force and arms. They should provide themselves with firearms and use them on the slightest provocation. A tramp filled with bird shot is a tramp reformed, so far as housebreaking and violence are concerned. The peppering of a few vagabonds in every county will stop the lawlessness.

DEATH does not end all. Look at

the large number of contested-will cases.—Texas Sittings.

A PIG-HEADED BRUTE.

The Black African Rhinoceros Is One of the Most Savage Animals.

If the entire world was searched over a more irascible, obstinate, reckless and pig-headed brute could not be found than the black rhinoceros of South Africa. It breeds nothing in its creation, and will give battle to a lion, an elephant or a buffalo equally as in its mad rage it attacks a tree, a rock or whatever stands in its way. In its wanton display of strength the black rhinoceros tears up bushes and small trees and digs the earth with its fore feet, throwing the clay backward like a dog. In appearance the animal is clumsy, yet it can keep up with a swift horse for a short distance. All the mammoths of the wilds give it a wide berth. Recently a tourist in Boerland was witness to a remarkable scene in the wilds. A wounded rhinoceros cow with her calf was keeping a magnificent lion at bay. There the two



KEPT THE LION AT BAY.

might beasts confronted each other, the lion intent on making a feast of the young calf, which clung closely to its mother and the rhinoceros with glaring eyes and steaming nostrils breathing defiance at the foe. The rhinoceros had been badly wounded, and in sympathy with her, the bull st sighted his rifle and sent a bullet through the lion's head.

Cruel Women.

A contributor writes as follows to Anti-Vivisection, the organ of the anti-vivisectionists: Whether women know it or not it seems to me that on their account are perpetrated some of the most atrocious cruelties in the world. For them the glorious plumaged birds are snared and slain; for them the almost human seal is hunted and butchered—the mothers killed while seeking to protect their offspring with their lives, the offspring crying, it is said, like human babies, in fear, and the pangs of slow starvation. Perhaps to those women who do not read, these things are unknown—and I know that with others the passion to decorate themselves with feathers and make a show before their humbler neighbor with their costly sealskin coat—obtained at the price of more than mortal anguish—is such a ruling passion that they will tread on quivering breasts and palpitating hearts to obtain them.

Then look at the fashionable woman who hunt and fish—not many, perhaps, in this country, thank heaven—and the women who join in chasing on horseback a poor little fox or hare with the ignoble desire to kill something, and ride in at the death with glee. Just so long as there are such women to become mothers of men just so long will there be murder and every other crime in the world committed by men.

Then as you go through the city

streets you see my lady sitting placidly in her carriage drawn by horses frantic with pain, clamping the bit till the foam flies against their breasts from torture of the cheek rein, the torture of flies from which they cannot protect themselves with their deeked tail, in summer, or the chill of winter reaching to the marrow of their bones as the result of clipping.

Women could remedy all of these cruelties in the course of time, if they would so to do. It may not be known in this world what lies at their door, but if the Hindoo belief is true, that we shall change places with the animals in the next world, there will be a vast multitude of women, as well as men, wishing they had never been born.

Two Notable Women.

Mrs. Daubney, probably the oldest member of the Wesleyan denomination in the country, died on Tuesday, at Thornton, near Horncastle, in her 103d year. She had been identified with the Wesleyans ninety years. The death is also announced of Mrs. Elizabeth Oliveria Prescott, in her 92d year. She was the eldest granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, of Chestnut Park, the last of the Protector's descendants to bear his name.—Westminster Gazette.

A Boston newspaper man speaks

of Josiah Quincy as the best listener ever known, and says that he is not always giving interviews, nor speaking on all occasions, as some men do, but he "saw wood, and his woodpile is a big one."

It is a little singular that the person born with a silver spoon in his mouth seldom makes a stir in the world.—Boston Gazette.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

QUESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Dear Girls—Talked Till Death—An Elevating Influence—No Help for Him—Patience Pays, Etc., Etc.

THE DEAR GIRLS.
Molly (patronizingly)—I had such a splendid time at the dance last night. Mr. Hilly took me, you know.

Etta (sweetly)—You enjoyed it? How glad I am, dearie, that I refused to go with him.

TALKED TILL DEATH.
Prof. Hunter—My last discovery among the Indian mounds was three petrified female figures in an upright position, as if conversing.

Biggins—Probably it was an afternoon tea and they hadn't noticed anything unusual.—[Halleo.]

AN ELEVATING INFLUENCE.
"Oh, is there nothing," exclaimed the lady in the fur jacket, "that can uplift our servant girls?"

"The coal oil can," answered the lady in the yellow buskin.—[Chicago Tribune.]

NO HIDE FOR HIM.
"So the poor fellow is doomed to an early death?"

"How do you make that out?"

"Didn't you say he lived by his wits?"—[Harlem Life.]

PATIENCE PAYS.
Little Miss Freekles—If Susie Stuck-up was as cross to me as she was to you I'd get mad and not speak to her.

Little Miss Hugging—No, you would not, if you knew what I know.

"What?"

"She's going to have a birthday party, with two kinds of ice cream and a whole lot of lady fingers and fruit cakes."—[Good News.]

COMPULSORY AFFECTION.
Aunt Jennima (visiting)—Well, Tommy, do you love your little baby brother?

Tommy—Yes, sure.

Aunt Jennima—And why do you love little brother, Tommy?

Tommy—It hurts less than getting looked.—[Chicago Record.]

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.
Mrs. Scale-Downie—I will have to get another girl, though only temporarily, perhaps a month or so.

Mr. Scale-Downie—Three dollars more a week and board! What do you want an extra girl for?

Mrs. Scale-Downie—I have little hanging cabinet you ever saw at a cost of only \$2; but it will take me several weeks to do it.—[New York Weekly.]

MISUNDERSTOOD.
"Have you any shoes that will fit the little girl?" inquired a son of the Green Isle of a dapper young clerk in a Washington street store the other day.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "we carry a full line for children's wear. Step this way, please. French kid?"

"No, begoos; she's Irish."—[Boston Herald.]

FLAGGING, BUT NOT NECESSARILY DULL.
"The man that just passed doesn't look as if he was hard up."

"He does not."

"Yet his business is always flagging."

"Is that so? What business is he in?"

"He is the signal man at the railroad crossing."—[New York Press.]

ASININE.
Mr. Callowhill—Do you like donkeys, Miss Bunkerhill?

Miss B.—If you are about to propose, Mr. Callowhill, please change the subject!—[Halleo.]

A TOOTHLESS TALE.
They met an old, old Arab.

He was toothless, wrinkled, gray!

They stopped him on the desert.

And they asked of him the way.

He tried to tell them plainly.

In a voice almost a croak,

But they couldn't understand him.

For gum Arabic he spoke.

—[Detroit Free Press.]

NOT CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.
"Has young Bondclipper proposed yet?" asked a Harlem mother of one of her numerous unmarried daughters.

"Not yet; but I think he is going to pretty soon. There are some pretty strong indications. He has got orange blossoms on his mind."

"I'd like to know why you think he has orange blossoms on his mind?"

"When we were at the soda water fountain yesterday evening he took orange phosphate."—[Texas Sittings.]

EXPRESSIVE.
Teacher—What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden egg?

Brook Hicks—His goose was cooked.—[Brooklyn Life.]

UNCLE JOSH DEFEATED.
Lawyer—Well, my young friend, your Uncle Josh determined that you should be a farmer, or get nothing from him. He did not leave you a cent of money, but he willed you his plow, cultivator, mowing machine, thrasher, portable sawmill, stone crusher, road scraper, and stump puller.

Young Scribbler—All right, I'll sell them.

Lawyer—He has provided against that. You cannot sell, or even rent them. You must use them yourself.

Young Scribbler—Very well, I will.

Lawyer—On the old farm?

Young Scribbler—No! I'll write a play and use them on the stage.—[New York Weekly.]

KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT.
Mr. Borem—I tell you, sir, there is no controverting Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest.

Porter Amersdam—But you yourself disprove that theory. On that theory you would have died long ago.—[Texas Sittings.]

DID NOT WANT THINKS.
"Pardon me, madam," gently urged travel-stained Rhodes, as he struck the lady of the house at the ally gate, "have you an old pair of shoes you can spare a poor pilgrim on life's thorny path?"

Bidding him wait a moment the good woman went into the house and returned with a pair of shoes, which she handed to him.

"Excuse me, good lady," he murmured, hoarsely, "your husband is a Philadelphia policeman?"

"He is," she replied wonderingly.

"How did you know?"

"By the size of them," was the sorrowful reply. "I knew, madam, take them back. I wanted shoes to walk in. I could use these for trunks, but alas! I have no need for such."

"Then he drifted on and the woman leaned against the gatepost and thought.—[Philadelphia Call.]

THE WILLING.

"Dear me," he whispered, "do you think I married you your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would," she asserted softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live beautifully on?"

"I'm sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly.

"I can never marry you," he said hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to you off his hands."—[Detroit Free Press.]

WELL BROKEN.

Burglar—Don't say a word, or I'll blow your head off.

Henpeck (sleepily)—Beg pardon, my dear; I didn't mean to—(snore).—[Puck.]

THEY ESCAPE.

Jobbers (unhappily mated)—I wonder if all men who get married lead lives of endless torture?

Empeck (bitterly)—Oh, no. Some of them die.—[Chicago Record.]

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Prison Chaplain—The condemned seems to have plenty of courage.

Warden—Well, I should say he had. The idea of a man with his record asking for a pardon!—[Detroit Tribune.]

THESE SLEEVES.

Laborer (addressing to comrade, as a stylishly dressed woman sailed by with shoulders apparently five feet broad)—I say, jimmy, there's a pair of shoulders for a hod.—[Philadelphia Record.]

The Avalanche

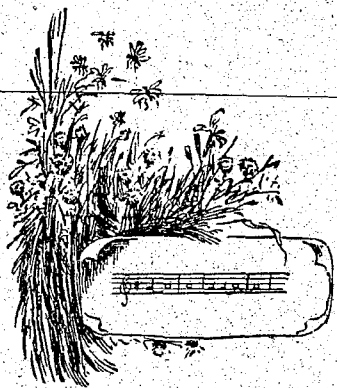
O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

NATURE IS MUSICAL.

EVEN THE BRAY OF THE DONKEY IS HARMONIOUS.

Echoes of the Melody of Animate Nature in the Great Master—The Evil One Alone Produces Discord—The Music of Horse Galloping.

It is beyond controversy that music had its origin in the simple and immutable expressions of nature. Our best musicians owe some of their sweetest effects not alone to the inspiration due to listening to the songs of the birds, the soft murmur of the vagrant bee, the catchy melodies of the insect world, but to their reproductions of the voices of nature. Gottschalk introduced much insect music into his compositions, says A. T. Candan Pratt in the Strand Magazine. In Handel one traces the solemn and beautiful, but spirited, melody of the lark. Rossini, Mozart and Beethoven imitated with pleasing effect the cackling of a chatty brood of barn-door fowls. Haydn introduced the braying of the ass into his seventy-sixth quartet with great success. It was upon a summer day that Beethoven, resting on a stile during

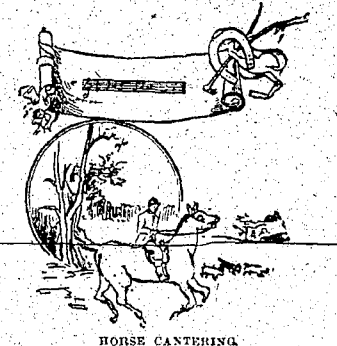


Donkey braying.



Child crying.

is so beautifully realistic of the soft fluttering stir of the insects—the hum in the noontide warmth of a summer day.



Horse galloping.

precipitate music, and Goethe implies this in the curiously discordant jangling of sound in the Mephistopheles speeches in "Faust." Men talk music as well as sing; they walk to a musical rhythm; the sounds of nature are in accordance with musical rules. The ancients even held that the mere proper motion of the planets must create sounds, and as the planets move at regular intervals the sounds must harmonize. This is embodied in the beautiful lines of Shakespeare:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quitting to the young-eyed cherubins."
The idea itself is a truly poetic one, but it seems to proceed on the assumption that the recurrence of sounds at regular intervals consti-



Man yawning.

In the trotting of a horse it is a matter of common knowledge that each alternate step is louder than the other, and the same is the case in the tread of our own feet throwing the sounds into the order of common time, while the "cater"—so called from the pace which pilgrims went on horseback to Thomas a Becket's tomb—sometimes called the "Caterbury Gallop," was in triple time every third step was louder than the other two, owing to the first and third foot striking the ground as nearly as possible simultaneously.



Man sneezing.

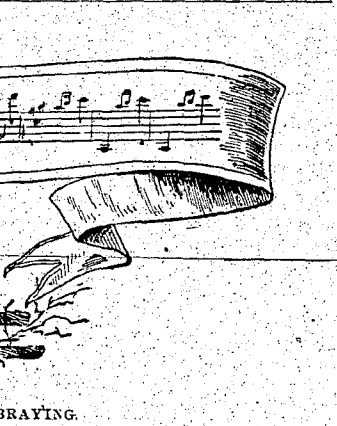
The music that can be obtained from the reiteration of one note is in nothing more beautifully shown than in Dr. Arne's setting of Ariel's song in "The Tempest," which closely imitates the call of the owl.

Birds are Not Nature's Only Songsters.

Nature has many voices beyond those of our songsters. The soul of music slumbers in the shell. Till wakened by the master's spell sang Samuel Rogers a century ago. The same spell has found music in the babbling brook, the cry of the child, the elephant's roar, the barking of a dog—in fact, in every voice of nature. Though laughter is often said to be musical, one would not expect to find music in a sneeze, a cough, or a yawn; yet Haydn has in all three. The illustration given of the sneeze is from the minuet of his grand sinfonia and the yawn is from his fifty-seventh quartet.

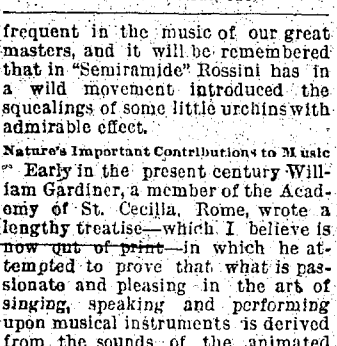
Many will recall, too, the instance of the bawling voices of three persons in a passion introduced by Beethoven in his third trio, op. 1—a clatter of sounds indicating rage and passion.

For music in the cry of a spoiled child we must turn to Rossini's pensive duet, "Elberne per mia memoria," in "Gazza Ladra." It is said of Mozart that he had a peevish wife, a lady hard to please, who when in a waspish humor frequently broke



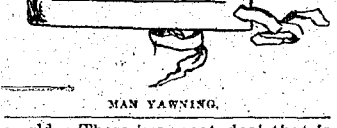
Dog barking for joy.

in upon his studies, and he has perpetuated her petulance in the overture to the "Zauberflöte." Imitations of the cries of children at play are frequent in the music of our great masters, and it will be remembered that in "Semiramide" Rossini has in a wild movement introduced the squealings of some little urchins with admirable effect.



Man yawning.

Nature's Important Contributions to Music. Early in the present century William Gardiner, a member of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome, wrote a lengthy treatise—which I believe is now out of print—in which he attempted to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the art of singing, speaking and performing upon musical instruments is derived from the sounds of the animated



Man yawning.

world. There is a great deal that is curious and interesting in this old work. He especially studied the cries of animals. With regard to the dog, he not only argues that the dog indicates his different feelings by different tones of voice, so marked that they are recognized by other animals as expressive of anger or fear—but that they understand the general force of language and the particular meaning of certain words. And, again, that although the barking of a dog is an inarticulate sound, yet if he is brought by the side of a piano-forte while barking you may distinctly hear the notes upon which his bark is made reflected by the instrument. For instance, the notes of a dog barking from excess of pleasure are reproduced in the accompanying illustration.

The great man is great in knowing how to make others make him great.

BEING A MAN MONKEY.

A Mechanical Talker, then Devised Which Greatly Facilitates the Business. I had a chat the other morning with Mr. Arnold and the brothers Donaldson, the monkey performers and contortionists, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly.

It has long been the ambition of acrobats to invent a useful mechanical talk, without which no man can properly imitate a monkey. At length the talk has been devised. Arnold and the Donaldsons are the only people in the secret, and they now hang and swing by their tails, to the disgust of rival man monkeys.

So like the original are their antics and their whole get up that from a distance it is impossible to tell, as they swing from bars and ropes inside a cage, that they are not apes. The masks they use alone cost \$15 apiece, and are so naturally made that they have even deluded the real animal. Let one of my informants speak for the trio:

"Before we could attempt to imitate a monkey in public we went through a course of the closest study in various zoological gardens. It was months before we were proficient, but then we did not consider ourselves so until, having found our monkey's dress I approached the cage of real apes, one of whom actually came to the bars and scratched my head."

"An acrobat and contortionist has to crowd all his work into a short space of time, for after he has reached 32 years of age his work begins to deteriorate. We experience no difficulty whatever about blood rushing to the head. When we begin to train we could only hang our heads down for half a minute, and even then we were nearly suffocated. Now we can hang for ten minutes and feel no ill effects."

The great thing is to get the cords of the legs to stretch, which they do gradually, and to loosen the hips. So long as the cords of the leg will give, almost anything can be done with them. For instance, we find it quite easy to cross the right leg over the left, bring the latter over the right shoulder, and finally crowd the toes under the arms—a feat that looks exceedingly difficult."

"A great deal depends upon the backbone. By constant practice it can be made to bend like a waltz to the shape of the letter C, either backward or forward. One of our tricks can spin on his head, but that trick came to him naturally, and it is impossible to teach it. The chief ailments which befall acrobats are strains and the dislocation of the hips."

BOYCOTTING A JAIL.

Tramps Insist on Better Food or They'll Quit the Street Business.

An unusual strike has occurred here, says a Mount Holly correspondent of the New York Herald. It was not among the members of any labor organization—as is often the case—but was confined to the tramps who are locked up in the county jail, and who boldly threatened to boycott the institution unless the sheriff supplied them with better food.

The spokesman, a thick-set tramp, known among his companions as "The Tank," out of compliment to his abdominal development, was plain and outspoken in his demands to one of the keepers.

"See here," he said, "what's on the card for dinner to-day?"

"Bean soup and bread," was the reply.

"It won't do," was the reply. "This bean business is getting played out. What we want is more meat and vegetables, and we're going to have 'em or know the reason why. We can't keep up our strength on nosh grub as we've been havin'—see?"

"You fellows are gettin' too gay," said the keeper with a sneer. "Next thing you'll be wantin' oxtail soup and sweetbreads. We're givin' you good grub—good enough for anybody—and you'll either eat it or live on your shape."

"Hold on there!" interrupted another tramp with a red nose and a bad list to port, "we're got something to say 'bout that. We've got the key of the land pretty well in this county, and we know the sheriff's office wouldn't be with a half interest in a yellin' dog if it wasn't for the profit out of feedin' us tramps. Everybody knows that. Now I'll come down to business. If you don't feed us up here we'll boycott the jail, and every man on the road'll fight as shy of the place as if it was full of small-pox. Now I've had my say, and if the goose don't hang high after this you'll hear from us."

This threat took all the fierceness out of the keeper, who promised to see what he could do in the line of a more attractive menu.

MARRIED A CENTURY.

We have heard of tin weddings, celebrated after ten years of marriage, of crystal weddings after twenty years, of silver after twenty-five, of gold after fifty, and of diamond after seventy-five—or, as Europeans celebrate it, after sixty-two and a half years. But the scale of celebrations does not seem to extend any further, and one wonders what precious thing would be selected to give its name to a wedding anniversary recently celebrated in Hungary—the one hundredth anniversary of the marriage of Jean Szathmari and his wife.

This appears to be a circumstance which is entirely impossible. But the marriage of the aged pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in May, 1793, at which time, according to the record, they were of marriageable age. As in Hungary at that time a bridegroom must have reached the age of twenty and a bride that of fifteen, the pair must now be at least one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifteen years old.

The one hundredth anniversary was celebrated at the town of Zsomololy, in the Banat, which has for a long time allowed the venerable couple a pension in recognition of their great age and fidelity to each other.

Even the oldest residents of Zsomololy have no other recollection of Jean Szathmari and his wife than as old people. Not one relative of either survives. Their century of wedded life is so well and officially attested

that many notables and Hungarian officials attended the anniversary celebration and gave them many presents.

SCOTT'S BLUFFS.

Along the Nebraska River rises a succession of beetling cliffs of indurated clay and sandstone, bearing the semblance of towers, castles, churches and fortified cities. They received the name of Scott's Bluffs from a melancholy incident. A number of years ago, while a party were descending the river in canoes, their frail barks were overturned, their provisions lost or spoiled, and their powder wet. The rifles were, of course, rendered useless, and they were unable to procure food by hunting, and had to depend upon roots and wild fruits for subsistence.

They made their way on foot, as best they could, suffering extremely from hunger, until they reached Laramie's Fork. Here, Scott, one of the party, was taken ill, and his companions came to a halt until he should recover sufficiently to proceed.

While searching for edible roots, they discovered a fresh trail of white men, who, it was evident, had recently passed. What was to be done? By a forced march they might overtake the travelers and thus be able to reach the settlements in safety.

"What shall we do with Scott?" said one. "He can't walk."

"For a moment all were silent. They realized that they were too weak to carry him, and if they waited for his recovery all were in danger of perishing from starvation and exhaustion."

"We must leave him here," some one said, gruffly. "To wait for him means death, and to try to take him along can't mean anything else."

It was a cruel thing to do, but it was at length decided to abandon the poor man to his fate. Leaving Scott to infer that they were in search of food, the whole party set off on the trail. They succeeded in overtaking the white men of whom they were in quest, but concealed their faithless desertion of their unfortunate comrade.

The following summer some of the same party were visiting the region again. They came suddenly upon the bleached bones and grinning skull of a human skeleton, which by certain signs they recognized as the remains of Scott. This was sixty long miles from the place where he had been left, and it appeared that the wretched man had crawled that almost incredible distance before death put an end to his miseries. The wild and picturesque bluffs in the neighborhood of his lonely grave have ever since borne his name.

A Lucky Presentiment.

An incident of the recent race between the train robbers and their pursuers, which resulted so disastrously to the former, was told during the past week. One of the party who went out from Kalispell to join the chase was a young man who had been in bad health. He was suffering from lung trouble and had had several hemorrhages. Thinking the open air would do him good, and that if he happened to get shot by the outlaws it would only hasten the inevitable end, he started.

On the day before the fight he thought he would take a walk up the railroad alone. The air was cool and bracing and the outdoor life had already accomplished more for him than physics had ever done. So he started. A couple of miles from where he left the party he saw a pile of railroad ties alongside the track.

The idea struck him that that would be a good hiding-place for a bandit. As he drew nearer to it the desire to look behind that pile of ties became stronger, as the distance lessened, and when he reached it the impulse was nearly irresistible. Still, some indefinable instinct told him not to. Love of life is strong, even in a man who thinks consumption is about to take him off.

The young man obeyed the instinct instead of the impulse. When Jones surrendered he called the young man out of the crowd and said: "See here, young man, you were nearer death when you were walking up the railroad track than you would have ever known if I hadn't been caught. I was behind that pile of ties. If you had as much as made a move toward looking behind that pile you would never have known what killed you." The subject of this incident now thinks life sweeter than ever because of the close call he had—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

Magnesia Fire Brick.

The subject of obtaining higher temperature in steel furnaces has lately been discussed by the Society of Civil Engineers, Paris. At present, it is stated, the temperature is limited by that at which the walls of the furnace begin to fuse, and even Deney's firebricks are not found proof against this. Magnesia is claimed to be capable of standing far higher temperatures than that kind of brick, the principal difficulty in using it being the excessive shrinkage to which it is liable when heated—a cube of magnesia of ten-inch edge, in the raw state, is said to shrink to one of six-inch edge, when sufficiently calcined—and such being the case, furnace linings made of this material are liable to crack badly; as a remedy for this state of things, the magnesia is caused to undergo its maximum possible contraction before being placed in the furnace, though for this an excessively high temperature is required. M. Lencaveaux claims to have overcome these difficulties, and has exhibited a number of perfectly solid bricks of magnesia, which were as dense as granite, and had been thoroughly shrunk. The composition of this brick is 96.25 to 98.25 magnesia, 1.50 to 3.00 lime, 0.75 to 1.25 alumina and iron oxide, 1.50 to 2.50 silica.—Sun.

Terrible Suffering.

It does not take a very large coin to burn a hole in a small boy's pocket. "Did you have a good time in the country, Billy?"

"No, mos' died. We boarded at a farmhouse."

"Wasn't it nice?"

"Wasn't it nice? But on the train a old woman give me a cent, an' when we got to the farm I found out there wasn't a store within ten miles."

—Good News.

THE BLACK CANYON.

Plan of Captain Mellon to Ascend by Ropes, Ropes and Capstan.

Capt. J. A. Mellon for many years has been running steamers on the Colorado River from Yuma as far up as the Grand Canyon and into it for a long distance, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Travel is pretty brisk on the river this year, he says, and because of this he will soon push the steamers forward through the famous Black Canyon, where hitherto they have rarely ventured, and even then only when the conditions were most favorable."

However, the Captain has hit on a unique plan to surmount the giant cascades. He has caused great steel staples to be driven in the sides of the frowning rock cliffs.

In these are stout iron rings. Ropes are run through these when the steamers arrive, and by the aid of the steam capstan on board the steamer is enabled to plow her way forward.

It is a dizzy undertaking, but Capt. Mellon is convinced that it can be made a success. There the gorge and the cascades are exceedingly wild.

"The Black Canyon," said Capt. Mellon, "is forty miles through in one place before the sun shines on the depths. The walls are 4,000 feet high, or well on to a mile."

"In the Grand Canyon, where the river is 300 feet wide, the walls are 6,000 feet high, but they are thirteen miles across the top—that is, from wall to wall."

"But in the frowning Black Canyon, where the river is 5,000 feet wide, the walls run up 4,000 feet and are narrower at the top than at the bottom. At least that is so in many places. You see, therefore, what kind of a place it is to get through."

The canyon commences at the El Dorado canyon in Lincoln County, Nevada, and runs for forty miles to the north in the same county, to what is known as the Vegas Wash. From there we will go on up to the Virgin River and on up to Riville, the old Mormon settlement. From there on the Mormons held sway clear up to Salt Lake."

"A number of mining camps are being opened up along the route. It is an extremely wild country, but promises to develop great interests in many places."

Capt. Mellon is here on a brief business trip. The first steamer to be taken up is the Mojave.

Some Late Ordnance Experiments.

The Armstrong Company have shown some very interesting experiments with the latest ordnance. A six-inch gun was fired four times in twenty seconds. A torpedo was driven satisfactorily with cordite as a power. There was a search light which would keep its beam upon an object no matter how violently the vessel rolled. A ten-inch, thirty-ton gun, when it was fired, opened the breech screw by the recoil and wound up a string, which, when released, would close the breech again. A six-inch howitzer anchored itself after the first discharge by driving a spade-shaped plate into the ground, after which its recoil was met by a jacket which surrounds it. A quick-firing field gun, which anchors itself in a similar manner, fired five rounds of shrapnel in fifty-three seconds. A fifteen-pounder mountain howitzer could be taken to pieces so that no part of it would weigh more than 200 pounds. It is screwed together in five minutes. A six-inch gun with light portable disappearing mountings for a siege train could be taken apart so that no portion weighed more than three tons, ten hours being required to mount it. A six-inch gun fired five rounds in sixty-nine seconds, each time at a different range and target. A plate of special steel designed for a shield received rifle and Gatling gun fire at 100 yards' range, without a single penetration, while the plate hitherto used was punctured at every shot, the Gatling gun almost cutting it in two.—Philadelphia Evening Star.

Fight with a Leopard.

A striking illustration of British courage and dogged persistence was given by an officer in India, named Apher, in a fight with a leopard. He was going round a rock, following the beast, which he had wounded, when the leopard, meeting the hunter, dashed at him. Apher jumped one side and fired; the shot only staggered the leopard. The man started to run, but before he could turn round the beast was almost upon him.

He struck the animal with the gun as it was in the act of striking him, and so warded off the blow from his head. But the beast's claws from one paw cut his right cheek and the other paw knocked the gun out of the officer's hands.

With all his strength the man dashed his right hand into the beast's mouth, and with the left grasped him around the throat. The leopard caught him near the elbow, and bit through the forearm. Exerting all his strength Apher threw the leopard into a rift between the rocks and on its back. With his knee on its chest, one hand in its mouth, the struggling animal. His native boy came up with a double-barrel gun.

"Put it in the leopard's mouth and fire," said Apher.

The boy obeyed, pulled both triggers, and killed the beast, fortunately without hitting the hand. The dogged officer's left hand and arm were much injured; every finger of the right hand was lacerated, the hand bitten through, and the forearm bitten in five places.

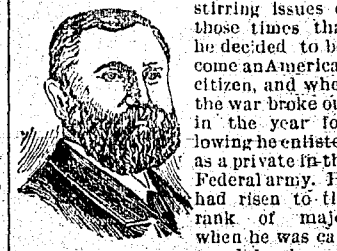
At Managua, Nicaragua, news has been received from New York and Washington assuring positively the building of the canal. Here again we have a case of going away from home to learn the news. In this country we have no positive assurance that Congress will vote a guarantee to Nicaragua canal bonds, much less that the money to build the canal can be raised in New York or elsewhere in this country unless the government guarantee is voted. Managua seems to have information on the subject in advance of the event.

A woman oftener tells what she thinks than what she knows.

SWITZERLAND'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Was Formerly a Wood-Chopper and Farmer in This Country.

Emil Frei, who has been elected President of the Swiss Confederation, was born in Switzerland in 1833. He came to this country for the purpose of studying American institutions. He became so enthusiastic over the stirring issues of those times that he decided to become an American citizen, and when the war broke out in the year following he enlisted as a private in the Federal army. He had risen to the rank of major when he was captured by the rebels at Gettysburg. He was held as a prisoner until 1865, and when he was mustered out of service it was with the rank of colonel. He then returned to Switzerland in 1865. In his own country he has held many positions of honor. He was Minister to the United States from 1882 to 1888.



Since his election many interesting stories in connection with his career in this country have come to the surface. One is that he was at one time a wood-chopper in Ohio. A couple of years before the war a stranger in destitute circumstances applied at the house of a farmer named Gratiwold, in Wayne Township, Butler County, for food and lodging. He gave his name as Frei and said he had been exiled from Germany for a political offense. In return he offered to assist his benefactor and was taken into the family. He spent the following winter chopping wood, and early in 1860, after having spent two years with Gratiwold, he went to Illinois, where he engaged as a farm hand until his enlistment in the Union army. He never forgot the Gratiwold family, and one day recently a son of Mr. Gratiwold received a letter from Mr. Frei, President-elect of Switzerland, recalling early scenes and telling of the success that has crowned his declining years.

WONDERFUL YOSEMITE.

A Valley Unequaled in the World for Grandeur of Scenery.

The Yosemite Valley, in Mariposa County, Cal., is unequaled in the world for grandeur of scenery and magnificence of waterfalls. Through the valley winds the Merced River, which tumbles down various precipices, forming some of the grandest waterfalls in the world. Among them are the Yosemite Falls, Bridal Veil Fall, Virgin Falls, Fall, Ribbon Fall, Chikanalnu Falls, and Nevada Falls.

CHICKENFALLS.

which tumbles down various precipices, forming some of the grandest waterfalls in the world. Among them are the Yosemite Falls, Bridal Veil Fall, Virgin Falls, Fall, Ribbon Fall, Chikanalnu Falls, and Nevada Falls.

Of this wonderland Benjamin F. Taylor said:

"Yosemite awaited us without a warning, spectral white in the glancing of the sun; the first thought was that the granite ledges of all the mountains had come to resurrection and were standing pale and dumb before the Lord. I turned to it again and began to see the towers, the domes, the spires, the battlements, the arches, and the white clouds of solid granite, surging up into the air, and came to overhanging anchor until the mountains began to move. You hasten on; you hear the winds intoning in the choral galleries a mile above your head; you hear the crash of waters as of cataracts in the sky; you trample upon broad shadows that have fallen thousands of feet down, like the cast-off garments of descending night."

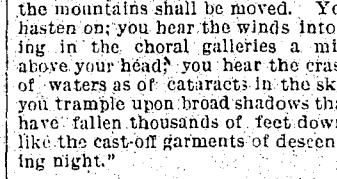
CABLE-CAR LIFE GUARD.

Being Tried in New York, but No One Has Fallen Before It.

There is attached to one of the cars of the Broadway cable road in New York a life guard known as Crawford.

The car to which it is attached has not run into any one since the guard was put on, and thus a human test has not been made, but it is asserted that a person would be scooped from the roadway by it instead of being mangled under the wheels. The fender is similar in shape to a bench seat and has an iron frame with a wire netting stretched across it, so that when it strikes a large obstruction the guard will be pressed close to the track and cannot pass over the object. This fender has been in use in other cities on cable cars, and is said to have shown its ability to save life.

THE BROADWAY CABLE CAR.



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HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.

STANDS to reason—the debater.—Philadelphia Record.

A BOX party—the Christmas shopper.—Philadelphia Record.

LUMBERMEN are not necessarily loggerheads.—Lowell Courier.

The fare-dealer admits raw material free.—Galveston News.

A CROSS-OUTRAGE—finding it a few packages short.—Florida Times.

TALK about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers.—Texas Siftings.

AN empty stocking can be pronounced a false yarn.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not even a canal horse would ever get ahead if he didn't have a pull.—Boston Transcript.

It is a poor cordage trust that has not more than one string to its bow.—Washington Star.

A MAN can talk himself out of a job easier than he can talk himself into one.—Atchison Globe.

THE blossom has left the button-hole these influenza days and settled on the nose.—Omaha World.

WHEN the Hawaiian patriots say they "have the spirit of '76" that takes in about all of them.—Plain Dealer.

JACOBSON says you can't blame a theatrical company for being spiritless when the ghost won't walk.—Elmira Gazette.

SARNOE—Would you call Supple's wife handsome? Weak—Yes—if I was talking to Supple.—Raymond's Monthly.

THE money a man tucks away in his "inside pocket" may be looked upon as a vested security.—Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN you speak to a youth about book learning these days he thinks you are just in from the race-track.—Dallas News.

BROWN—Why do you call your girl a silent belle? Slobbs—Because I kissed her and she never talked.—Philadelphia Record.

THE boiler-maker with oratorical tendencies "ought to have little tendence in riveting the attention of his hearers.—Buffalo Courier.

IT argues no lack of ability in a boy that he doesn't make an opening for himself by going skating on too thin ice.—Philadelphia Times.

THE iron founder may be a large proportioned man, but he never yet, in his business, succeeded in casting a shadow.—Yonkers Statesman.

YOUR neighbor appears to have failed a great many times. "Just twenty-four times. The next will be his silver bankruptcy."—Fleegende Blätter.

BURDEGROOM (at the end of the wedding)—"Well, I am glad it is all over." Married Friend—"All over? Great Scott, man! You have only just commenced."—Puck.

MISS BACON—"On the ranch we girls ride the horse bare-backed." Mr. Knickerbocker (severely)—"I should think the sun would blister you terribly."—Scribner's.

MAY—"What made you tell that horrid Miss Stumble that she danced like an angel?" Arthur—"Because I thought they never danced, and neither will she."—Tid-Bits.

"WHAT is your objection to private theatricals?" "The publicity that is invariably attached to them," was the reply.—Washington Star.

SIR—"I wonder if there will be anything to talk about in the next world?" He—"Oh, yes. You know there is always something to say on the other side."—Boston Transcript.

VISITOR—"And which is the older, Tommy, you or Willie?" Willie—"We're tie." Visitor (mystified)—"What do you mean by tie?" Tommy—"We're twins."—Philadelphia Record.

LIFE is full of disappointments. Many a girl who expects to marry and settle down finds she has to settle way up on the top floor of a ten-story tenement house.—Elmira Gazette.

"CAN I change my occupation under the terms of this occupation policy?" "What do you wish to be?" "A foot-ball player." "No." "Can I become a Brazilian insurgent?" "Yes."—Life.

PROPRIETOR—"What's the row at that bargain counter?" Floor-walker—"No row at all. A party of college girls are among the crowd, and are working to the front by a flying wedge."—Puck.

YEXED WIFE—"There is no calamity that can befall a woman that I have not suffered." Amiable Husband—"Wrong, my dear; now, you have never been a widow." Yexed Wife—"I said calamity, sir!—Brooklyn Life.

LADY—"There were chickens in those eggs you sold me yesterday. Are you going to make me pay for them?" "No, ma'am, as you didn't order spring chickens, we'll just charge 'em to you as eggs."—Raymond's Monthly.

OVERGROWN COLORED BOY—"Say, boss, don't you want boy fer to learn to be a jock?" Horse-owner—"Hy the time you've learned to ride you'll be too heavy." Boy—"Den you kin bet on de odder horse, an' you'll have a shuah thing, boss."—Good News.

